Mustapha's Adoration

OF THE

SUBLIME SULTAN

Pittander Omnipotent

PART II.

WHY is thy brow overcaſt, and why art thou diſquieted, GREAT MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE! can ſorrow approach thy Mightineſs, can the ſufferings of ſlaves diſturb thy peace, or can the voice of general indignation affiict thee? Ah, no! thou art more good than goodneſs, more vaſt than vaſtneſs, and more wiſe than wiſdom.

Though the Leaders of thy Janniſſaries ſhould deſert thee, though the thouſands and ten-thouſands and millions whom thou *payeſt* ſhould fly from thee, withdraw but the light of thy countenance, and they ſhall periſh everlaſtingly; for who elſe can uphold them, MAGNIFICENT PITTANDER!

Haſt thou not ſworn there ſhall be no peace on earth? Thy right foot is on the ocean, and thy left foot is on the land, and the lightning of thine eyes is the flaming ſword of a deſtroying angel.

Another Million of Human Beings ſhall be cut off! in the pride and glory of youth they ſhall die, yea, every one: O then be comforted!

The ſun that riſeth in the eaſt hideth himſelf in the weſtern wave at evening, and darkneſs overſhadoweth him; but thy meridian ſplendour is without end.

Let LOUGHBOROBOAM, the great Law-Captain, contrive the victories of thy power; let him plan new ſieges, ſo ſhall thy conqueſt be ſecure.

He ſhall ſcatter diſmay amongſt thine enemies, he ſhall march into the center of their land, and lay their chief city in the duſt, and none ſhall deliver them; but the whole facton that oppoſeth thee ſhall be deſtroyed, they ſhall all be *exterminated.*

The fathers of families ſhall be ſlain, the mother and the virgin ſhall be deſloured and put to death;—even ſucking babes ſhall not eſcape on that great and terrible day; but thy ſtrength and thy vengeance ſhall be made known unto all nations, and all men ſhall honour thee, THOU MOST SUBLIME ONE!

Then the chief city of thy foes ſhall be no more: its palaces ſhall become the dens of wild beaſts, and there the lonely pelican ſhall breed, and the bittern and the owl ſhall abide there, and the fox and the wolf ſhall roam there; all ſhall be ſolitude, ſilence, and deſolation.

Then ſhall there be much feaſting throughout *thy kingdom*; *thy people* ſhall triumph, the *great* ſhall rejoice, and the lowly ſhall be full of joy;—there ſhall be A JOY OF WILD *Aſſes.*

And in thoſe days CHARLEFOX, who had impiouſly dared to conteſt thy will, ſhall humble himſelf before thee; SHERIDANEZOR ſhall do homage unto thee—and all the OPPOSITES ſhall hail thee.

But the Lord their Sultan is a jealous potentate: the Magnificent PITTANDER ſhall wax wrath againſt them, and they ſhall be thrown into utter darkneſs, where ſhall be weeping and gnaſhing of teeth.

The river of thy rage ſhall ſweep them away;—that dreadful river, the river of thy rage.

And thoſe who have ſpoken *Treaſon* againſt thee, and who were ſet free from before the Judgment ſeat, ſhall be delivered over to the REEVITES and the WHITEITES, and the SCOTITES, and the MITFORDITES, to be tormented for ever.

The ADAIRIANS and the great WINDHAMITE ſhall revile them: Now the latter ſhall prophecy with much fury, and he ſhall call them *innocent culprits*, and *acquitted felons*, and *thy people* ſhall laugh thereat, and be exceeding merry.

Then HARDINGIAS ſhall come forth and ſay, O people, wherefore do ye laugh, and why are ye exceeding merry? Behold, and lo, it was *not* the great WINDHAMITE who ſpake theſe words, but it was I myſelf, even I.

Moreover it was I who did utter theſe words, "*Periſh Commerce*," and though, peradventure, ye ſhould have heard the great WINDHAMITE *ſpeak them*, be not diſmayed: your ears deceived you—Evil communications corrupt good manners.

Now it ſhall come to paſs, that as HARDINGIAS repreſenteth only two ſlaves, he therefore ſhall not dread their rebuke, he ſhall not be confounded.

Then the multitude, *who are like unto a herd of Swine*, ſhall grunt and murmur, and ſhall not believe.

O how glorious art thou, OMNIPOTENT PITTANDER! how wonderful are thy ways! When thou paſſeth through the groves of MECCA I will kiſs the impreſſion of thy feet upon the duſt, I will gaze upon thee with admiration till I faint, I will die in adoring thee.

The HOLY MAHOMET ſuſtaineth thee, for thou offereſt up to him daily frankincenſe, and flattery, and myrrh; gold alſo and precious jewels to the ONLY HOURI of his heart. The mighty Prophet leaveth the chaſe of beaſts in the black foreſt, that he may commune with thee. Thou art favoured beyond the ſons of men.

For lo! he hath appointed thee his *vice*-gerent upon earth. And thou ſhalt come forward with chariots, and with horſes, and much people, and thou ſhalt ſtand upon a pinnacle of glory, and ſhalt ſwear with a loud voice, as when a Lion roareth, that *Liberty ſhall be no more!*

But, O my Sovereign, my Protector, and my Joy! why art thou an enemy to the delights of Love?

Throw aſide thy maiden coyneſs, and raiſe up ſeed to do thee honour: ſo ſhall thy ſeed be more numerous than the ſands of the ſea, or the ſtars of the firmament.

And I will bring unto thee a young virgin of Circaſſia, whoſe poliſhed ſkin ſhall be more white than the tooth of the elephant.

Her two breaſts ſhall be bunches of ripe grapes that wait for the preſſing.

And her breath ſhall be a morning zephyr in the citron grove, when the birds begin to pair, and the ſpring appeareth:

And her copious treſſes ſhall be like the beams of the young moon, when ſhe peepeth over the great waters.

And the kiſſes of her lips ſhall be like pure honey taken from the cedars of Mount Lebanon.

O turn not away from her with diſdain, reject not the tranſport of her embraces, indulge the longings of her heart!

For the poſſeſſion of her charms ſhall give a tenderneſs to thy nature, and HUMANIZE thy ſoul.

Then the miracle of thy proweſs ſhall be wafted to the uttermoſt parts of the ſea, and all the tribes of the earth ſhall be glad.

And DUNDASOPHAT ſhall glorify thee for thy good deeds, OMNIPOTENT PITTANDER! and there ſhall be much feaſting and wine-bibbing in the HOLY WOOD, becauſe of the day of thy greatneſs.

Wilt thou not liſten to the prayer of thy ſlave; conſider that the number of thy days is nearly thirty and ſix years, and it is time thou ſhouldſt learn to love.

Even the mighty MAHOMET is himſelf a great Progenitor: has he not much iſſue?

The murder of millions, the overthrow of Liberty, and the deſtruction of a Nation, will not ſo conſole thee as the ſoft preſſure of beauty in the bowers of bliſs.

Let me then fly upon the wings of the winds, and bring her to thine arms.

And ſilence ſhall guard thy chamber, and the gales of night ſhall be huſhed to ſleep, during the ſeaſon of thy myſteries.

When the morning breaketh, I will ſing unto you both a new ſong, I will heartily rejoice in the ſtrength of thy mightineſs.

So ſhall I have a *new title* to the world's eſteem, ſo ſhall I find a *place* of comfort for my age.

Glory be to thee, SUBLIME SULTAN! till time ſhall be no more.

Muſtapha.

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